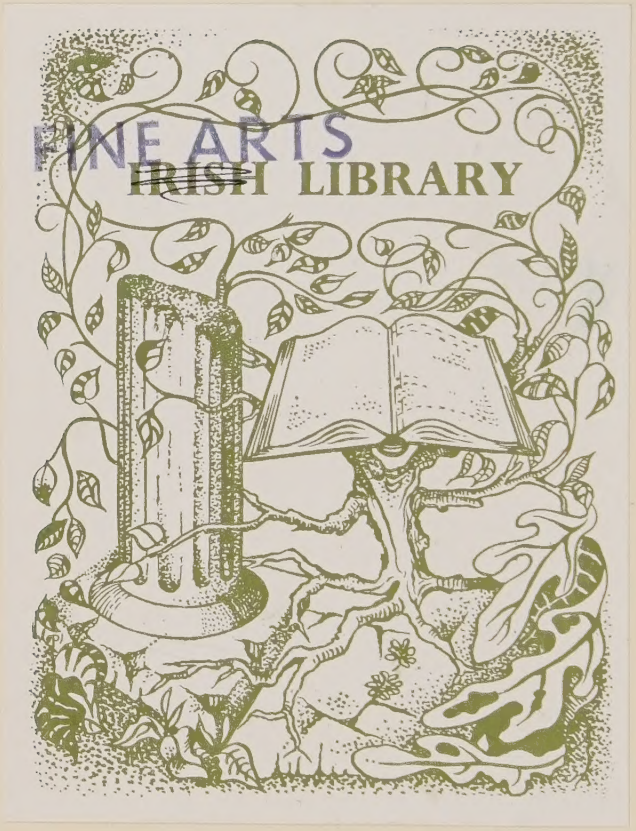
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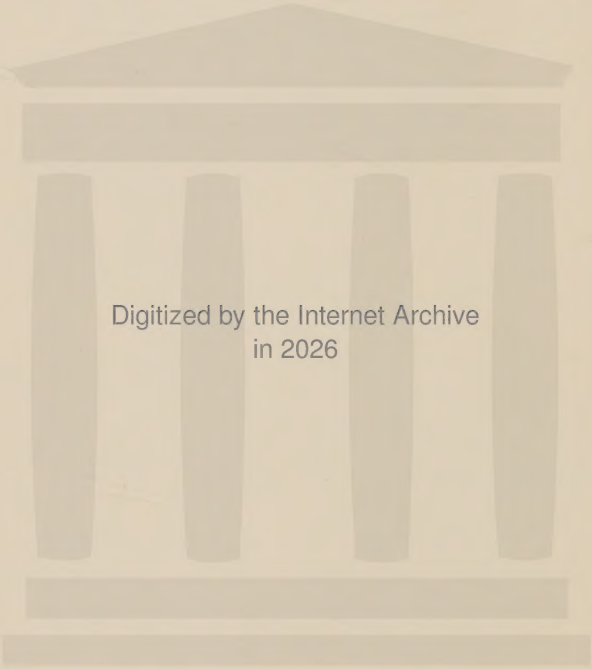
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More Songs of
The Glens of Antrim

More Songs of The Glens of Antrim

BY

MOIRA O'NEILL

AUTHOR OF 'SONGS OF THE GLENS OF ANTRIM,'
'THE ELF-ERRANT,' ETC., ETC.

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TO

W. C. S.

There' a house upon the sea-sand, a white house an' low,
The gulls are flyin' over it, the red roses blow.
By night the waves are breakin', an' the moon is on the sea;
Sure all that I love are there, all that love me,—
Only one.

There' a house upon the prairie in the lone North-West,
In the flowery, silent summer, on a green hill's breast;
Where mountains stretch across the sky the world's end must be,
An' none that I love are there, none that love me,—
Only one.

I dreamt of gentle Ireland beneath the Northern Light,
The waves that broke on Ireland were callin' me by night;
Till back across the salt sea, back against the sun
I took the way the birds know, an' woke in Cushendun,—
Not with you.

Oh, what about the roses then, an' what about the strand!
For now 'tis wantin' back I am to that lone land;
'Tis the other house I'm seein' on the green hill's breast,
An' a trail across the prairie that's goin' south an' west,—
Back to you.

PREFACE.

THESE "Songs of the Glens of Antrim" have nearly all, like their predecessors, appeared in the pages of 'Blackwood's Magazine.' So have the "Songs from North-West Canada."

The "Translations from Italian Poets" were written for a review of the 'Oxford Book of Italian Verse,' which appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for April 1911.

Of the many unknown friends who have sent me letters and messages, I desire most to thank the one who told me of a young soldier who took my little book with him to the trenches, and read the 'Songs' to a comrade, before he gave his life on the field "for Freedom and Honour."

MOIRA O'NEILL.

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THE LITTLE SON.

When my little son is born on a sunny summer morn,
I'll take him sleepin' in my arms to wake beside the sea,
For the windy wathers blue would be dancin' if they knew,
An' the weeny waves that wet the sand come creepin' up to me.

When my little son is here in the noonday warm an' clear,
I'll carry him so kindly up the glen to Craiga' Wood ;

In a green an' tremblin' shadow there I'll hush my tender laddo,
An' the flittin' birds 'ill *quet* their songs as if they understood.

When my pretty son's awake, och, the care o' him I'll take!
An' we'll never pass a *gentle* place between the dark an' day;
If he's lovely in his sleep on his face a veil I'll keep,
Or the wee folk an' the good folk might be wantin' him away.

When my darlin' comes to me he will lie upon my knee,—
Though the world should be my pillow he must know no harder place.
Sure a queen's son may be cold in a cradle all o' gold,
But my arm shall be about him an' my kiss upon his face.

PADDY THE SLITHERS.

(Words to an old Irish tune.)

Ochone ! don't be tellin' me to fiddle or to play,
Ochone ! 'tis a pity that I lived to see this day.
I'm fit to break my fiddle, or I'm fit to take an' die,—
Wirra ! Paddy the Slithers, could a woman make ye cry ?
I asked her for another dhrink, an' sure I'd played an hour,
Oh, who could think that music sweet would turn a woman sour ?

An' the company so pleasant sittin' back agin' the wall,
But me bould Biddy Brogan ups an' says before them all,
" I'll give ye no more. There' a well in the garden,
'Tis there ye may dhrink, an' not pay a farden."

I am Paddy the Slithers, an' my father was the same,
For I kep' his ould fiddle an' I won his ould name,
That never said a false word or played a false note,—
But the manners o' thon woman has me chokin' in the throat.
I had played her " Baltigoran," an' " The Pedlar wid his Pack,"
" The Wind that Shakes the Barley," an' " When Tony's Comin' Back."

'Twas " The Rockin' o' the Cradle " I was goin'
to give her next,
An' troth ! if I had wasted that, 'tis worse I would
be vext,
Wid her " Not another dhrop ! There' a well in
the garden,
'Tis there ye may dhrink, an' not pay a farden."

Good-bye, Biddy Brogan ! now I'll tramp it
through the rain,
Good-bye, Biddy Brogan ! for I'll never come
again.
I wouldn't let my fiddle sweet be soundin' in your
place,
You're the only one that ever brought the red
into my face.
You'll be wantin' music badly for your weddin',
yet to be,
An' faith ! ye may do wantin' for all ye'll get
from me.

If the man you're coaxin' now could know the
crossness of your mind,
He'd be trampin' through the rain wid me an'
lavin' you behind,
Wid your "Not another dhrop! There' a well in
the garden,
'Tis there ye can dhrink, an' not pay a farden."

DIVIDED.

'Tis well I know ye, Slieve Cross, ye windy stony hill,
An' I'm tired, och! I'm tired with lookin' on ye still;
For here I live the near side, an' he is on the far,
An' all your heights an' hollows are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

But if 'twere only Slieve Cross to climb from foot to crown,
I'd soon be up an' over that, I'd soon be runnin' down;
Then sure the great ould sea itself is there beyond to bar,
An' all its weary wathers are between us, so they are,
Och anee!

But what about the wather when I'd have ould
Paddy's boat ?
Is it me that would be fear'd to grip the oars an'
go afloat ?
Oh, I could find him by the light o' sun or moon
or star,
But there' coulder things than salt waves between
us, so they are,
Och anee !

For well I know he'll never have the heart to
come to me,
An' love is wild as any wave that wanders on the
sea ;
'Tis the same if he is near me, 'tis the same if he
is far,
His thoughts are hard an' ever hard between us,
so they are,
Och anee !

A LATE WOOING.

Am I the young man that you sent for to see ?
An' tell me what is it you're wantin' with me ?—
" 'Tis you that I sent for, 'tis you that I need,
An' what I am wantin' you know it indeed."

Then spare me the tale an' I'll save you the blush,
For all you would offer I'd care not a rush.—
" Sure then it was false what you said long ago,
An' moved me to love you to bring me to woe."

I said that I loved you as dear as my life,
You mocked when I wanted to make you my wife.—
" Forget it, forget it! That's over an' bye,
An' if I must lose you I'm soon like to die."

Oh, never be thinkin' you'll win me to rue,
If you live or you die or whatever you do!
You killed the young love that you cared not to save,—
I'll smile when the young grass is green on your grave.

NEVER MARRIED.

My mother had three daughters, an' the ouldest one was me,
The other two was married in their youth ;
'Tis well for them that likes it, but by all that I could see
It 'ud never fit meself, an' there's the truth.

Oh, never think I'm wantin' to miscall the race o' men,
There' not a taste o' harm in them, the cratures !
They're meddlesome, an' quarrelsome, an' troublesome, but then
The Man Above He put it in their natures.

I'd never be uncivil, sure an' marriage must be right,
Or what 'ud bring the childer to the fore ?
Wid their screechin' an' their roarin' an' *balorin'* day an' night,—
Me sister Ann has five, an' Jane has more.

I couldn't work wid childer, an' the men's a bigger kind,
But muddy an' mis*chee*vous like the small ;
Ye've got to larn them betther, an' ye've got to make them mind,
An' ye've got to keep them aisy afther all.

I'm betther doin' wi' dumb things, a weeny black-face lamb,
Or the yaller goosey-goslin's on the knowe ;
The neighbours think I'm sensible wi' sick ones, so I am,—
Sure 'twas me that saved the life o' Mullen's cow.

Aye, ye'll often hear them say a woman cannot
bide her lone,
An' it's fifty years alone that I have bided ;
They're very apt to say no woman yet could guide
her own,—
But them that God guides is well guided !

HER SISTER.

"BRIGID is a Caution, sure!"—What's that ye say?
Is it my sister then, Brigid MacIlray?
Caution or no Caution, listen what I'm tellin' ye . . .
Childer, hould yer noise there, faix! there' no quellin' ye! . . .
Och, well, I've said it now this many a long day,
'Tis the quare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.

An' she that was the beauty, an' never married yet!
An' fifty years gone over her, but do ye think she'll fret?

Sorra one o' Brigid then, that's not the sort
of her,
Ne'er a *hate* would *she* care though not a man had
thought of her.
Heaps o' men she might 'a had. . . . *Here, get*
out o' that,
Mick, ye rogue! desthroyin' o' the poor ould cat!

Ah, no use o' talkin'! Sure a woman's born
to wed,
An' not go wastin' all her life by waitin' till she's
dead.
Haven't we the men to mind, that couldn't for
the lives o' them
Keep their right end uppermost, only for the wives
o' them?—
Stick to yer pipe, Tim, an' give me no talk now!
There's the door fore'nenst ye, man! out ye can walk
now.

Brigid, poor Brigid will never have a child,
An' she you'd think a mother born, so gentle an' so mild. . . .
Danny, is it puttin' little Biddy's eyes out ye're after,
Swishin' wid yer rod there, an' splittin' wid yer laughter ?
Come along the whole o' yez, in out o' the wet,
Or may I never but ye'll soon see what ye'll get !

She to have no man at all. . . . *Musha, look at Tim !*
Off an' up the road he is, an' wet enough to swim,
An' his tea sittin' waitin' on him, there he'll sthreel about now,—
Amn't I the heart-scalded woman out an' out now ?
Here I've lived an' wrought for him all the ways I can,
But the Goodness grant me patience, for I'd need it wid that man !

What was I sayin' then ? Brigid lives her lone,
Ne'er a one about the house, quiet as a stone. . . .
Lave a-go the pig's tail, boys, an' quet the squealin' now,
Mind ! I've got a sally switch that only wants the peelin' now. . . .
Ah, just to think of her, 'deed an' well-a-day !
'Tis the quare pity o' Brigid MacIlray.

ONLY ONE.

THERE' five-an'-fifty islands maybe, take the world aroun',
An' the sun he be to light them all afore his goin' down;
But when he looks on Ireland 'tis then he shines the best,
An' he wants to see no other, an' he sinks into the West,—
For the sun would sleep beside her in the West.

There' many a lough in Ireland, an' one I know is small,
An' a little house beside it where the childer run an' call;
An' wather there an' heather there, an' sorra thing to see,
But a quare an' lonesome place it is that holds the girl for me,—
She's walkin' by the lough-side, an' thinkin' long for me.

If I'd step up the loanin', the childer they would fly,
They're very strange in them parts where no one's passin' by;
They'd scatter out like *pettericks*, an' hide among the heather,
Their sister standin' by the door, an' in we'd go together,—
To spake the word would aise our hearts, the two of us together.

Then why go heavy-hearted, man, an' why live
here your lone ?
The sun he loves a green isle, but keeps the sky
his own ;
He's down in love this evenin', he's far away the
morn,—
A man will lave his fancy an' the place where he
was born,
Aye, a wheen things behind him in the place
where he was born.

But for all that the best does be still-an'-ever *one*,
Oh, ne'er another Ireland can smile beneath the
sun !
For all the loughs in Ireland, for all the glens
there be,
The one lough, the one glen, the one girl for
me ;—
She's walkin' by the wather-side, an' thinkin'
long for me.

A BUD IN THE FROST.

BLOW on the embers, an' sigh at the sparkles!
My mother she bid me be wise in time.—
Ashes are white an' the red fire darkles:
I lost the words, but I know the rhyme.
It may be true,
An' it may be true,
'Tis much to me, 'tis little to you!
Oh, look if a boat comes over the water,
An' call on my mother who told her daughter
That "Love is all crost,—like a bud in the frost."

Love has undone me, an' why would you wonder!
My mother she bid me be wise in time.—
The waters have met, an' my head has gone under,
But far, far away there are bells that chime
How love is no liar,
Oh, love is no liar,
"That's only a bird singin' there on the briar.
You'd better be lookin' no more at the water,
But give me your hand an' come home, my daughter,
For love is all crost,—like a bud in the frost."

THE BLACKBIRD.

(Words to an old Irish tune.)

THERE' a sweet bird singing in the narrow glen,
The blackbird clear with a golden bill,
He'll call me afther him, an' then
He'll flit an' lave me still.
A bird I had was one'st my own,
Oh dear, my *colleen dhu* to me!
My nest is cold, my bird has flown,—
An' the blackbird sings to me.

Oh, never will I tell her name,
I'll only sing that her heart was true ;
My blackbird ! ne'er a thing's the same
Since I was losin' you.
'Tis lonesome in the narrow glen,
An' rain-drops fallin' from the tree ;
But whiles I think I hear her when
The blackbird sings to me.

I'll make a cradle of my breast,
Her image all its child shall be ;
My throbbin' heart shall rock to rest
The care that's wastin' me.
A Night of sleep shall end my pain,
A sunny Morn shall set me free ;
An' when I wake I'll hear again
My blackbird sing to me.

NEVER LET ON!

WHEN I was just a youngster an' the whole of us
was young,
An' childer will be still tormentin' other,
I larned a thrick to watch it out an' still to hould
me tongue,
An' sure enough it saved a heap o' bother.
I mind the time that Micky had his sister by the
hair,
That day she took an' broke his rod, an' Pat was
skelpin' Mick,
An' Jane had hould o' Patsy by the legs, an' Tim
was *there*,
Says I, "I think I see me Da,"—that saved us
all the stick.

'Tis the only way o' doin', just till not be lettin' on !
Were ye ever at a fair in Cushendall ?
'Twas there I nearly lost me life, an' sure I'd only gone
For to buy a likely heifer in the fall.
Well, I bought her, then I sould her, an' I done a thriflin' deal
Wi' poor ould John MacGonnell o' Rafoam ;
But the bruiser Big MacDonnell knocked the head off John MacGonnell,
So at the latter end of all I dhruv the heifer home.

I was lookin' after Nancy, but of course I'd not let on,
An' *she* was lettin' on she didn't care ;
The women think theirselves as 'cute, an' faith, they're never done
Wi' their simple sort o' schamin' in the air.

Well, that's a tale I'll tell to none, but now we're
man an' wife,
An' she quarely likes to manage an' to rule ;
I'm not the man to cross her, so we lead a quiet
life,
For he isn't all a wise man that wouldn't play the
fool.

Ah, where's the use o' talkin' ? Ye should never
draw the sod,
Ye should never stop a beggar in his dhrink,
Ye should see an' lift your own load an' put your
trust in God :
'Tis He will make the ship to sail or sink.
But och ! the world is full o' fools that won't be
said or led,
Now may I never live to rear a son
If I would not *insense* him ere he'd be to earn his
bread,
Till "keep a quiet sough, me boy, an' never you
let on ! "

A ROSE IN DECEMBER.

WELL can I mind your mother, the pity it is she's gone,
An' her sort is lost out of Ireland, women like her there's none!
Blue were the eyes an' kindly, soft an' slow was the tongue,
I mind her words the betther for that, an' the quare ould songs she sung.
She had many a poor one's blessin', an' blessin' she'd give *golor*,—
Aye, a rose in December was growin' by her door.

But you were all the daughter she had, an' faith,
'twas just as well!
For if it wasn't for manners now, straight to your
face I'd tell
That two like you is too many, an' one is more
than enough,
But rightly I know for an ould man's talk you'll
care not a pinch o' snuff.
For looks you were never the peel of her, for
larnin',—I may be a fool,
But I wouldn't give much for the larnin' that's
got at the National School.

Young people should be *conducted*, but that's where
they're all asthray,
There were none o' this loiterin' home from fairs
in Father M'Carthy's day;
'Twas he would ha' had their lives for less, so he
would then, who but he!
Your mother he called "the flower o' Layde,"
an' none minds that but me.

An' she had the voice of a song-thrush, but you have the laugh of a jay,—
Och, she was a rose in December, but you are a frost in May!

THE OULD TUNES.

A BOY we had belongin' us, an' och, but he was gay,
An' we'd sooner hear him singin' than we'd hear the birds in May,
For a bullfinch was a fool to him, an' all ye had to do,
Only name the song ye wanted an' he'd sing it for ye through,

Wid his "*Up* now There!" an' his "Look about an' thry for it,"—
Faith, he had the quarest songs of any ye could find,—
"Poppies in the Corn" too, an' "Molly, never Cry for it!"
"A Pretty Girl I Courted," an' "There's Trouble in the Wind."

Music is deludherin', ye'll hear the people say,
Ah, the more they be deludhered then, the betther is their case;
I would sooner miss my dhrink than never hear a fiddle play,
An' since Hughie up an' left us this has been another place.
Arrah, *come* back, lad! an' we'll love you when you sing for us,
Sure we're gettin' oulder an' ye'll maybe come too late.

Sing " Girl Dear ! " an' " The Bees among the Ling " for us ;
I could shake a foot to hear " The Pigeon on the Gate."

Oh, Hughie had the music, but there come on him a change,
He should ha' stayed the boy he was an' never grown a man ;
I seen the shadow on his face before his time to range,
An' I knew he sung for sorrow as a winter robin can.
But *that's* not the way ! oh, I'd feel my heart grow light again,
Hughie, if I'd hear you at " The Pleasant Summer Rain " ;
Ould sweet tunes, sure my wrong 'ud all come right again,
Listenin' for an hour I'd forget the feel o' pain.

TIDY ANNIE.

I AM not carin' much to hear what the young men dancin' say,
An' I think there is little sense in them, but let them go their way.
For I have many another thing, an' it is not marriage I mind!
Nor yet to be meetin' below the road, nor yet to be lookin' behind;
For the like o' that is foolishness, an' it happens every day.

Then I think it is very well for me to be livin' in
ould Parkure,
An' the way that I am it fits me best, for a mother's
love is sure.
The half o' the wives are sharp-tongued, the half
are desthroyed with work,
Ah, the height o' botheration it is to be married
on a Turk,—
But what about that? If he's ten Turks, when
it's done you can get no cure.

'Tis "Tidy Annie" they give me, they know that
I can't be bet
For a steady girl, an' a dacent shawl, an' walkin'
clean in the wet.
They don't see many that do like *me*, with the
house to keep an' all,
An' ducks to feed, an' a goat to milk, an' to mind
the mother's call,—
But isn't it now the quarest thing—that nobody's
asked me yet!

THE EMIGRANT'S LETTER.

I HOPE this finds all well at home, as it leaves me
at present,
An' sure I am, my mother dear, that you've been
thinkin' long!
But don't you fret, I'm livin' still, an' so is Andy
Besant;
We didn't mind the ship so much, but she was
awful throng.

I wisht ye'd see the place we're in,—the name is
wrote above,—
Ye'd say 'twas just unearthly, wi' the blazin' o'
the sun ;
The drink we get is barefut tea, an' not for gold
or love
Could ye rise an' post a letter here as ye would in
Cushendun.

My uncle says he minds you well, an' why would
you not come ?
Be sure he'd send a ticket, an' he'd build a house
some place ;—
But the blacks 'ud have you scared by nights,
an' women's best at home ;—
He's a kindly sort of a decent man, wi' a great
big sod of a face.

Ye've likely seen Rosanna? . . . did she ask or did she care?
But ye needn't say I named her, for I wouldn't go that far.
'Tis only Andy wants to know, an' "Faith," says he, "'tis quare
An' she so comely as she is, an' she so long wi' her da!"

Who feeds my old dog Dusty now, an' what place does he lie?
Ye'll mind not fill the cart too full, to spoil that pony's shape.
I doubt Tom Boyd's forgot me, an' the rest will by-an'-by,—
He said he'd write so constant, an' he never sent a scrape.

So now no more, my mother dear, for I've no more
to tell.
I see you at your spinnin'-wheel beside the red
turf fire,
An' my little brother Alick there,—I still liked him
so well!
When I win back to yous again I'll get my heart's
desire.

ALTANEIGH.

THERE' a place I used to know,
Where the bendin' birches grow
By the bright wather still-an'-ever fallin',
An' the fern is smellin' sweet
Up the brae about your feet,
An' a voice within the wather-voice is callin'.

If you waited all the day
Till the light was gone away,

An' the dark an' dewy clouds were slowly shiftin',
Oh, a little, little moon
There would glimmer on you soon,
An' all among the stars go downward driftin'.

Will I ever rise an' go
To the glen I used to know,
To the sweet fern an' golden wather droppin' ?
Up the brae an' by the burn
See them stand at every turn,
Green birch crowns the one another toppin ' ?—

Now grant I may not see,
No, never would I be
Where the ferns dip, the dark pools bubble :
When we've loved too long to praise,—
God be with the old dear days !
But the peace of that glen my heart would trouble.

Songs from North-West Canada

ON THE PRAIRIE.

Back on the great pale prairie that stretches out
to the sky,
Bare to the winds and sunlight, glistening, grassy
and dry ;
You're back from the sweet old country, the island
green and far,
You and Alberta had said Good-bye " for ever,"
but here you are.

No tree to cast a coolness on all the land bare-
browed,
Only a drifting shadow moves from a drifting, wide-
winged cloud ;

Open and undeceiving is the bright, unfriendly
space,
You're miles from a spring of water, and miles
from another face.

The prairie's not for shelter, but it's plain to
understand,
The winds are ever circling, and the sunshine
warms the land;
This air is strong as ocean, this noon-light falls in
showers
On crowds of the shimmering grasses, on millions
of yellow flowers.

You've little cause for gladness, but your heart is
up and glad,
No more it counts old sorrows, nor murmurs
"once I had——":
The best you had was never lost, for the best was
never known,
Now if you will, a day shall rise that lights you to
your own.

The old *cayuse* you're riding, whose lordly name is
Buck,
Can lope as far as the next horse and take you to
your luck ;
It may be a Mexican saddle is the highest seat
you'll fill,
But it's all in being ready, for the way is through
the will.

Oh, lift your head and see again the Rockies where
they rise,
More shining than the morning cloud, more stable
than the skies ;
And look again to Southward for the waters that
you know,
Between his flats and cut-banks the ice-fed River
Bow.

A MAY SONG.

THE hills were dry and withered, the skies were dark with snow
When I let you go, dear love, when I let you go.
The storms came down and swept us, breath of the bitter North,
We rode through a blind white fury as the driven snows came forth,
And we held our peace for the most part, for the land lay under wrath.
This when I let you go, dear love, after I let you go.

When skies grew soft in April, and cloudy as for rain,
I called to you, " Come again, dear love ! " I called to you, " Come again ! "
The winter has gone for all but me, and a spring wind blows from the west ;
The Easter buds are opening pale, but they come for a sign of the rest ;
The birds from the South are back with us, but mine is an empty nest.
So I called to you, " Come again, dear love ! " I called to you, " Come again ! "

The ache of winter has gone from me, I wake with the heart of May ;
We that were two are one, dear love ! while it is called to-day.
Ride with me where we used to ride, and look on the mountains snowy and still,

On the gold-flowered willows catching the light, on
the little blue lake at the foot of the hill ;
But look at me longest, first and last ; love but
me,—and the rest as you will.
We that were two are one, dear love ! Look in
my eyes to-day.

WILLOW CREEK.

THE tent is pitched for sleeping in where cotton-
woods are green,
And Willow Creek is running, rippling, singing all
the way;
The misty hills are dim and far, the last the sun
has seen,
And birds and leaves and silver fish are sleeping
after play.
The day is slowly dying in a twilight grey,
And evening birds sing sweet for thanks that this
one day has been.

The stars are out in clusters, but the moon was never seen,
And Willow Creek is running, rippling, singing all the night;
With a breath of balm-of-Gilead comes the breeze at morning keen,
The cloudy east is broken by a single rift of light.
The night is slowly dying in a day-dawn grey,
And morning birds sing sweet for thanks that this one night has been.

SPRING ON THE RANCHE.

Part I.

THE LAST OF WINTER.

Oh, not for us the primrose faint, the south wind's
hush-a-low,
Through shining aisles of the beech-trees that knew
us years ago!
Here there's a long, long silence, and the dumbly
falling snow.

The prairie rolls away, away, the hills are covered
deep,
The water-springs in the coulées are sleeping a
frozen sleep,
The sun-dogs glimmer for a storm; how long can
winter keep?

Among the hungry cattle it's weary work to ride
And see the weak-knee'd mothers go stumbling
side by side,
Nuzzling under the crusted snow for where new
grass may hide.

There's not a blade of green yet, the last year's
growth is rank,
Sodden and brown beneath the snow on hill and
bottom and bank ;
Every horse is a brute this month, and every man
is a crank.

Only the evening hours are good, when two can
sit apart
Within the light of the fire they love, curing the
winter's smart ;
The hand is warm in another hand, the heart is
safe with a heart.

SPRING ON THE RANCHE.

Part II.

THE FIRST OF SPRING.

There was a sound of whistling wings over the house last night,
And the wild duck dropped in the creek below, resting upon their flight ;
Now the mallard with his emerald neck is swimming round in the light.

A warm wind from the mountains came pouring like a tide,
The strong *chinook* has broken the heart of winter's icy pride,
And the snow has all gone up like smoke from a prairie sunny and wide.

Here are grey buds of the " crocus," but shut and
silvery dim,
Along the creek there are mouse-ears on the willows
red and slim ;
A blue tit feeds there upside down in the manner
approved by him.

Hill snows melt and rush in streams bubbling and
dark as wine ;
Cattle are drifting out of the hills—well do we know
that sign !
And the soft clouds rolling across the blue have a
beauty half divine.

New grass and sweet will soon be here, and the
patient herds grow strong ;
We will forget the cruel frost and all the winter's
wrong ;
None can be glad as we are glad unless they have
waited as long.

A HUSH SONG.

SLEEP, little child, sleep softly here,
Angels of God are watching near ;
Thou shalt be safe—lay down thy head !—
With their white wings above thee spread.

Sleep, little child, nor fear the night,
After the dark comes morning light.
Angels return their Home to see,
God looketh down and loveth thee

Translations from Italian Poets

LAMENTO.

Gía mai non mi conforto
Nè mi vo' rallegrare :
Le navi sono al porto,
E vogliono collare.
Vassene la più gente
In terra d' oltra mare :
Ed io, lassa dolente,
Como deg' io fare ?

. . . . . .

La croce salva la gente,
E me face disviare :
La croce mi fa dolente,
Non mi val Dio pregare.

Oi croce pellegrina,
Perchè m' hai sì distrutta ?
Oi me, lassa tapina,
Ch' i' ardo e 'ncendo tutta !

—Rinaldo D' Aquino.

THE CRUSADE.

Sec. xiii.

NEVER can I forget my woe,
And comfort naught avails:
The ships are in the port below,
Waiting to hoist their sails.
The men are all for sailing
To lands beyond the sea,
And I alone am wailing,
What will become of me?

. . . . . .

The Cross that saves all living,
Has set my steps astray :
The Cross such grief is giving,
To God I cannot pray.
Oh, Cross of pilgrims faring,
What of my lonely strife !
The grief my heart is bearing
Will waste away my life.

ITALIA MIA.

. . . . . .

Non è questo il terren ch' i' toccai pria ?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente ?
Non è questa la patria in ch' io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l' uno e l' altro mio parente ?
Per Dio, questo la mente
Talor vi mova ; e con pietà guardate
Le lagrime del popol doloroso,
Che sol da voi riposo

Dopo Dío spera ; e pur che voi mostriate
Segno alcun di pietate,
Virtù contra furore
Prenderà l' arme, e fia 'l combatter corto :
Chè l' antico valore
Negl' italici cor non è ancor morto.

. . . . . .

—Francesco Petrarca.

MY ITALY.

. . . . . .

Is not this land the same where first I stood ?
Is it not here, the nest
Where I was nursed so sweetly day and night ?
Is not this fatherland my own wherein my faith
I rest,
Mother benign and good,
That covers now both parents from my sight ?
Oh, that at last this might
For God's sake move your minds to feel
Compassion for a people's tears and woes,
Who but for God can hope repose

From none but you !—Let their appeal
Call forth your pity now to heal,
Else men to stop this fury's way
Will take up arms, and short will be the strife :
The valour of an ancient day
Still in Italian hearts can wake to life.

. . . . . .

MADRIGALE.

CANTATE meco, innamorati augelli,
Poi che vosco a cantare Amor me invita ;
E vui, bei rivi e snelli,
Per la piaggia fiorita
Tenete a le mie rime el tuon suave.
La belta, de ch' io canto, è sì infinita,
Che 'l cor ardir non have
Pigliar lo incarno solo ;
Chè egli è debole e stanco, e 'l peso è grave.

Vaghi augelletti, vui ne gite a volo
Perchè forsi credete
Che il mio cor senta duolo,
E la gioia ch' io sento non sapetá.
Vaghi augelletti, odete ;
Chè quanto gira in tondo
Il mar, e quanto spira ciascun vento,
Non è piacer nel mondo
Che agguagliar si potesse a quel ch' io sento.

—Boiardo.

MADRIGAL.

Sing now with me, ye wooing birds in bowers,
Since Love has bidden me to join your singing,
And all among the flowers
That on your banks are springing,
Fair streams, lend to my rhymes your own soft tone.
Of beauty infinite my songs are ringing,
No heart that lives alone
Could lift such load on high;
For the tired heart is fainting and the weight like stone.

Fair little song-birds, still before me flying,
Is it that here below
Ye deem my heart is sighing,
And the joy I have within me ye can never know?
Fair little song-birds, think ye so?
Hearken! the seas that bound us
In all their circles have no treasure,
Nor has the earth, nor have the winds around us
One joy that's equal to my deep heart's pleasure.

SONETTO.

Come creder debb' io che tu in ciel oda,
Signor benigno, i miei, non caldi preghi,
Se gridando la lingua che mi sleghi,
Tu vedi quanto il cor nel laccio goda ?
Tu ch' il vero cognosci, me ne snoda,
E non mirar ch' ogni mio senso il nieghi :
Ma prima il fa che di me carco pieghi
Caronte il legno alla dannata proda.
Iscusi l' error mio, Signore eterno,
L' usanza ria che par che sì mi copra
Gli occhi, che 'l ben dal mal poco discerno.
L' aver pietà d' un cor pentito, anch' opra
È di mortal : sol trarlo dall' inferno
Mal grado suo, puoi tu, Signor, di sopra.

—Ariosto.

SONNET.

Can I believe in heaven they reach Thine ear,
O Lord benign, my prayers that are so cold,
When my tongue cries on Thee to loose the hold
Which yet Thou see'st my secret heart holds dear ?
Thou Who dost know the truth, release me here,
And heed not though my senses, rebels bold,
Deny Thee : hasten ! When my corpse is cold,
Let me not in that barque with Charon steer.
Forgive me all, eternal Lord ! too well
Hath evil custom blinded my clear sight
Till good from ill I scarcely now can tell.
A heart that's penitent can ask with right
A mortal's pardon, but to draw hearts from hell
Against their will Thou only hast the might.

CANZONE.

Vaghe Ninfe del Po, Ninfe sorelle,
E voi dei boschi e voi d' onda marina
E voi de' fonti e de l' alpestri cime,
Tessiam or care ghirlandette e belle
A questa giovinetta peregrina :
Voi di fronde e di fiori ed io di rime ;
E mentre io sua beltà lodo ed onoro
Cingete a Laura voi le trecce d' oro.

Cingete a Laura voi le trecce d' oro
De l' arboscello onde s' ha preso il nome,
O pur de' fiori a' quali il pregio ha tolto ;
E le vermiglie rose e' e'l verde alloro

Le faccian ombra a l' odorate chiome
Ed a le rose del fiorito volto ;
E de l' auro e del lauro e de' be' fiori
Sparga l' aura nell' aria i dolci odori.

—Tasso.

SONG.

LOVELY Nymphs, ye sister Nymphs of the river Po,
And ye from out the green wood and where the sea-waves beat,
And ye who live by fountains and on hill-tops high,
Let us weave dear garlands of the fairest flowers that blow
All for this wandering maiden, young and sweet.
Ye shall weave the buds and leaves, the rhymes will I;
And while I sing her beauty and praise it to the height,
Crown ye the locks of Laura's hair so golden-bright.

Crown ye the locks of Laura's hair so golden-bright
With leaves from off the slender tree whose name she still doth bear,
Or else with flowers that seem less rare now she is in this place,
And let the crimson roses and green-leaved laurel light
Make shade above the sweetness of her flower-scented hair,
And shade her cheek rose-tinted and all her flower-like face,
Until the fragrant laurel and the breath of blossoms spread
Are lifted on the gentle air and wafted overhead.

LA VITA SOLITARIA.

. . . . . .

Talor m' assido in solitaria parte
Sovra un rialto, al margine d' un lago
Di taciturne piante incoronato.
Ivi, quando il meriggio in ciel si volve,
La sua tranquilla imago il Sol dipinge
Ed erba e foglia non si crolla al vento,
E non onda incresparsi, e non cicala
Strider, nè batter penna augello in ramo,

Nè farfalla ronzar, nè voce o moto
Da presso nè da lunge odi nè vedi.
Tien quelle rive altissima quïete:
Ond' io quasi me stesso e il mondo oblio
Sedendo immoto; e già mi par che sciolte
Giaccian le membra mie, nè spirto o senso
Più le commova, e lor quïete antica
Co' silenzi del loco si confonda.

. . . . . .

—LEOPARDI.

THE SOLITARY LIFE.

. . . . . .

Sometimes I choose a solitary place
Above a slope that borders on a lake,
Set round with silent trees as with a crown.
Here, when the noon is past, the westering sun
Paints his own tranquil image in the lake,
Nor blade nor leaf stirs in the passing breeze,
And never ripple breaks, no grasshopper
Shrills, no bird-wing stirs on bough,
No butterfly wanders, nor any voice or motion

Is either heard or seen, from near or far.
In deepest quiet all those shores are held :
Till I forget the world, almost forget myself
Sitting unmoved, until at last it seems
That freed in death these limbs of mine are lying
That neither sense nor spirit can move them more,
That they are back in their primeval quiet,
Mingling with all the silences around.

. . . . . .

L'INFINITO.

SEMPRE caro mi fu quest 'ermo colle,
E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
Dell' ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando, interminati
Spazi di la da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi, e profondissima quiete
To nel pensier mi fingo ; ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando : e mi sovvien l' eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s' annega il pensier mio :
E il naufragar m' è dolce in questo mare.

—LEOPARDI.

THE INFINITE.

THIS lonely hill was ever dear to me,
With this one hedgerow, shutting out of sight
So great a part of all the far horizon.
But when I sit and gaze, interminable
Spaces beyond that bound, and superhuman
Silences, and quietude profoundest
I fancy in my thought, till by degrees
My heart forgets its awe. And as the wind
Rises and storms among the trees, this voice
I hear contrasting with that infinite silence,
And it reminds me of eternity, of seasons dead and gone,
And of this present living time, with all its noise.
Thus lies my thought, drown'd in immensity,
And shipwreck in that sea is sweet to me.

LA SPIGOLATRICE.

. . . . . .

Eran trecento e non voller fuggire,
Parean tre mila e vollero morire ;
Ma vollero morir col ferro in mano
E avanti a loro correa sangue il piano ;
Fin che pugnar vid' io, per lor pregai,
Ma un tratto venni men, nè più guardai :
Io non vedeva più fra mezzo a loro
Quegli occhi azzurri e quei capelli d' oro . . .
Eran trecento, eran giovani e forti,
E sono morti !

—Luigi Mercantini.

THE GLEANER.

. . . . . .

THEY were three hundred and they would not fly,
They seemed three thousand and they chose to die ;
But they chose to die each with his sword in his hand,
And the blood ran before them, drenching the land ;
While I could see the fight, I knelt for them to pray,
But all at once I fainted, and saw no more that day ;
'Twas when I missed suddenly out of the fight
The head with the golden hair and blue eyes bright. . . .
They were three hundred, they were young and strong,
And they are dead !

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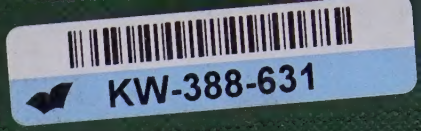
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